BIG MILITARY MISTAKES IN SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

Grave Charges Have Been Brought Against General Sir Henry Colvile.

MUCH UNREST IN PARLIAMENT.

The Irish Party May Give More Trouble-Other London News and Gossip.

> By HENRY W. LUCY. (The Celebrated Parliamentary Reporter.)

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cry to the opening - the new session, but ministers are arr. bly regarding it with frank apprehension. Up to now, in splie of certain epochs of unrest among their unwieldy majority, they have had an uncommonly good time. The situation will be appreciably altered when, six weeks hence, the new Parliament settles weeks hence, the way are the down to work. Even if the state of things in South Africa be better than it looks to-day, there will remain in the public mind a feeling, inevitably reflected in the House of Commons, that the country clottlen was jockeyed into the general election.

In olden times men were butchered to make a Roman holiday. In the last days of the mincteenth century peace was imagined in order to snatch a party ma-

porty at the poils.

Beyond the moral resentment at this breach of the high standard at which the action of public men in this country is proudly maintained there is the ever-growbill of war costs. I rememter Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's scornful smile when, a year ago last October, he made his first year ago last October, ne made his first modest demand for a war subsidy, and was warned from the other side that so far from seven or ten millions covering the cost we should be happy if we got off with payment of a hundred millions sterling. To-day the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be grateful to any syndicate of millionaires who would assure him that in his next budget he would not have to provide a larger sum than that on account of the war.

THE IRISH PARTY.

that on account of the war.

THE IRISH PARTY.

Another cloud on the Parliamentary horizon is in the reformation of the Irish party. Ever since they came into office on the downfall of Lord Rosebery's Gavernian of the continuous con on the downfall of Lord Rosebery's Government the Conservatives have been practically free from the drag on the Parliamentary wheel of Irish obstruction. It will be different in the coming session. Mr. William O'Brien is not a Parliamentary general and strategist, as was Mr. Parnell; but he was brought up in his school. His raison d'etre, his excuse for reappearance on the Parliamentary stage, is the mission to make life insupportable, business impossible for ministers and a majority who refuse even to consider the question of home rule for Ireland. Amid the internecine dissensions of the Irish party predominant during the past ten the internecine dissensions of the Irisa party predominant during the past ten years, these factics, triumphant under Mr. Parnell's management, have fallen into desuctude. Mr. O'Brien intends to revive them in their most brutal form. Miristhem in their most brutal form. All is-ters will find their legislative movement hampered at every step. There will be nightly scenes, suspension of members and systematic disorder. After all this may not be so hurtful as some denizers may not be so hurful as some denizens of Downing Street are disposed to regard it in advance. Scenes in the House of Commons may be useful as abstracting inconvenient attention from ministrial shortcomings, and are calculated to raily public opinion to the side of the authorities, however much reason they have to distrust them on general and particular

distrust them on general and particular grounds.

PASSION FOR FLOWERS.

Mr. Chamberlain's passion for the orchid as a sartorial adjunct is, thanks to the caricaturist, familiar to the public. It is 2 fabulously 3d is, primrose in connection with Lord Beaconsfield, "his favorite flower." But his love for horticulture ranges beyond this particular specimen. On the rare occasions when he can get a morning off—they have been very few during the last eighteen months—he runs down to Kew Gardens to see what fresh prizes the director has imported from foreign climes. Sir W. Thistleton-Dyer has correspondents in all parts of the world on the hunt for something new for Kew Gardens. In this somewhat expensive undertaking he finds himself strenously backed up by the Colonial Secretary, who in this, as in larger matters, gets his in this, as in larger matters, gets his own way, even to the treasury. Mr. Chamberlain's sympathies in this direction have been worked upon to the extent of sanctioning the establishment of a botanic station in the Savabellas I. will of sanctioning the establishment of a botanic station in the Seychelles. It will be in direct communication with Kew Gardens, and is counted upon to enrich its treasure house. On New-Year's day a cable message was received by Mr. Cham-berlain announcing the opening of the new station.

borlain announcing the opening of the new station.

DOORS SHUT IN HIS FACE.

The strange case of Gen. Sir Henry Colvile grows stranger as the days pass. Having come to Lendon to demand further and fuller inquiry into the charges brought against him, he finds the doors of the War Office shut in his face. In accordance with the regulations requiring that a general officer quitting his post shall, on arriving in London, report himself to the Adjutant-General, Sir Henry on Monday called at the War Office and was out or was busy, but that he could mot see him. General Colvile, who, as was shown, when called upon to resign refused, is not a man to be trifled with. The charge against him is that, marching under Lord Robert's commands to Heilbron, he disregarded a cry for succorfrom the commander of 500 ycomanry be-

LONDON, January 26.—It is still a far leaguered at Lindley, who consequently surrendered to the Boers. General Colvile's reply is that he was under peremptory orders from Lord Roberts to be at Hellbron on a particular day, and that had he turned back to help the yeomanry at Lindey he would have disobeyed orders and upset what he understood to be a far-reaching plan of campaign turning on

his punctuality.

In military circles it is whispered that
Lord Kitchener is at the bottom of the
business, and that if Colvile had turned
back to help the yeomanry at Lindley
he would have been cashiered for disobeying Lord Robert's orders and disorganizing a scheme that required his presence at Heibron on a particular day. Colvie serv-ed under Kitchener at Paardeberg, and in tch he contributed to the history of that disastrous engagement did not studiously minimize his chief's recklessstudiously minimize his chief's recklessness of the lives of his men. There may be nothing in this, Evidently something is needed to explain the circumstances how, after inquiry, a distinguished officer is permitted to return to his command in Gibraltar, and a short time after nothing fresh having cropped up as far as he has been notified, is suddenly dismissed.

AWKWARD SITUATION.

The episode which for a day engrossed public attention is painful enough in its private relations. It is even more serious

public attention is painful enough in its private relations. It is even more serious in the light it throws on the conduct of the war in South Africa. We find detachments understood to be moving in concert in pursuance of a minutely-ordered plan of battle struggling about the country blindly feeling for each other. Colvice categorically states at one crisis two telecters of the color of the control of the co grams dispatched to him on the same day by staff officers, avowedly dictated by Lord Roberts, conveyed diametrically opposite instructions. As soon as Parliament meets an attempt will be made to obtain the intment of a committee to inquire into the Lindley affair, If all said by the home-comers from the seat of war be true, such inquiry, fearlessly conducted, will go far to show how it comes to pass

that we have entered on the new century still fighting the simple Boers.

The cartoon in next week's "Punch" will be drawn by Lindley Sarnbourne, vice Sir John Tenniel, passed into honor-wine still be seen to manually the same than the same vice Sir John Tenniel, passed into honorable and honored retirement. Tenniel's Jubilee of service on "Punch" was celebrated the other day by his colleagues; but he did not immediately on joining the that of the page, underly the selection of the page. staff of the paper undertake the sole of cartoonist. He took his turn with Jno Leech. In 1864 when that greater of mas-ters died, and thereafter Tenniel sat alone in his place. With exceptions that may be in his place. With exceptions that may be counted on the fingers on one hand, Tenniel has through thirty-six years, week by week, produced the cartoon. As a mere record of physical health and strength this is probably unique. Though now past his eightieth year, Tenniel is still the very picture of health. At the dinner this week he sat in his usual place at the right hand of the editor, and though no longer charged with the design and execution of the cartoon, will sit among his old comrades an honored guest.

LORD BERESFORD'S DEATH. LORD BERESFORD'S DEATH.

The death of Lord William Beresford, commonly and effectionately known as "Bill," has thrown a gloom over a wide circle. Born a little more than a year later as his still more famous brother, Lord Charles, no one looking on his sturdy figure and sunburnt face guessed he was worked, for comparatively early death. ngure and sundurnt face guessed he was marked for comparatively early death. Unlike his brothers, he never took to politics, his nearest touch with State affairs being his service as aide de camp to Lord Lipton when he was Viceroy of to Lord Lipton when he was Viceroy of India, followed by military secretaryship in success on to three later Viceroys—Lords Ripon, Dufferin and Lansdowne. Then a large slice of this life came to be passed in India, where he was as popular as in England. His marriage with the wealthy American lady, the Dowager Duchess of Mariborough, placed Bill Beresford in a position to enjoy to the full his passion for horses. He formed his own racing stable, and a born and cultured judge of a horse, he made more out of racing than most folks do. A splendid rider, he was equally at home with out of racing than most forks do. A spiendid rider, he was equally at home with the whip. Always of a cheerful countenance, he never looked so happy as, day by day through the Derby week, he drove four-in-hand to Epsom; the Duchess on

GREED, THEFT AND MURDER, **BUT NO DIVORCE AT DAWSON**

One Man Can Run Away With Another's Wife Provided He Makes Ita Satisfactory With the Husband.

EVERYBODY DEALS AS HE PLEASES, EXCEPT WHEN HE SEES FIT TO DO OTHER VISE.

With the Mercury at Eighty Below Zero Men Fight and Scratch and Kill Each Other for Gold-Interesting Interview With a Klondike Woman.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.) WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 26.-Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane, journalist, novelist, historian of the Apaches representative historian of the Apaches representative for the Bureau of Ethnology of the Emithsonian Institute. Alaskan explorer and miner, the only woman general manager of a mining company in the United States and the richest woman in all the Klondike, is about to return to her home, in Dawson City, after a visit here of several weeks.

Mrs. Crane came to Washington in be-half of the furtherance of agricultural pursuits in Alaska. This statement will doubtless come in the nature of a sur-prise to those whose knowledge of the Klondike is limited to facts gleaned from the daily papers, but aside from the gold fields there is also a good livelihood offered the farmer, provided he has governmental protection. Mrs. Crane expects to
secure the passage of such homestead
laws that miners disappointed upon not
finding an El Dorado, will be content to



till the soil and profit by their labor. Many possess a mistaken idea that the Klondike is frozen all the year round, and there is no chance for agriculture. Mrs. there is no chance for agriculture. Mrs. Crane says that the Klondikers have summer just the same as other people, with the difference that though the days are inthe officerence that though the days are intensely hot, the nights are cold and one is compelled to sleep beneath furs and blankets during mid-summer.

AUTHORESS, MANAGER AND COOK.

Bookley bar graymant wisten Markets Mr.

dous demand as to admit

of TRAIN-LOAD SHIPMENTS.

Manufactured by The Southern Manufacturing Co.

Besides her governmental mission, Mrs. Crane is awaiting the publication of two Crane is awaiting the publication of two books from her own pen. One, "Smiles and Tears from the Klondike," will be out this week, and the other, "The Dawson Widow," is now in the hands of New York publishers, Doxey & Company, and at the same time is being dramatized by Mr. Frederick F. Schrader, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Schrader is the author of several successful plays, notable among which is "Nancy at the French Ball," Fanny Rice's greatest success. The production of "The Dawson Widow" will be an elaborate one. The first presentation an elaborate one. The first presentation will take place at San Francisco in the Mrs. Crane is also the author of several

books of frontier and Indian life, but in the Klondike she is chiefly noted for her executive ability in mining opera-tions, and for shrewdness and energy she has no equal. She personally super-intends the working of fourteen mining claims, in which she owns a controlling interest, and does not hesitate to show her managerial powers. Instead of leaving her affairs in the hands of others, she attends to them herself. She does they doing the cooking for the mining camp. Three meals a day and between meals, time to rock her own cradle yield-ing forty to one hundred dollars per day. At night she finishes her work by mixing and kneading the dough for ten loaves of bread to be baked each morning. Each miner requires one loaf a day. Then when the bread is set aside, she takes up her pen and becomes the authoress.

A LIFE OF ADVENTURE.

This remarkable woman does not differ in appearance from other women, except that she seems very sturdy. She is of medium height, with a cherry face beautiful golden hair and clear, blue-gray eyes, which, however, seem possessed of great shrewdness. She is a most entertaining talker and can relate with the utmost sang froid wonderful tales of life in the Klondike which harrow the soul of a tenderfoot listener. Love, jealousy, greed, ambition and every other human passion find a place in Dawson where conventionality is smothered and nature crops out. It is refreshing to hear these novelties, blood-curdling, melodramatic, yet true, as they are told by a quiet, harmless woman—a woman who has experienced more new sensations than any other woman in the United States, a wo-man who knows how to protect herself and her interests without recourse to weapons, and yet, were such a situation at hand, could bring down her enemy the Klondike. A woman who, with all these sterner accomplishments, cherishes more than anything in her life, one memory, and one in which other women-ten-derfeet-can join their prayers with hers-the memory of her only child, her son, who died at the age of fifteen years. Everything she does is with the thought of this child always in mind, and it was on his account that she first commenced to lead a life of adventure. SON ABDUCTED THREE TIMES.

"My life has been a remarkable one when I stop and think about it," said Mrs. Crane, "and my adventures first commenced when I went to live among the Indians. Imagine a woman, born and bred in Virginia, at home in Washington and Philadelphia society, and then ex-changing these luxuries of life for a home among the Apaches, and content to live with these uncivilized people. I had a reason for so doing certainly, and that reason was my son. He was abducted from me three times. On his account I was in litigation in Chicago for three years (he stood in the way of some prop-erty which my enemies wished to secure), and after a seemingly endless and difficult fight, I at last won my case, but by this time I had become so disgusted with civilization that I preferred to take my son with me and live among savages. The Apaches treated us at first with indif-ference, somewhat mixed with awe, and afterwards when I got to know them better, I learned that the only thing that



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saved my life was my yellow hair. It is seems they had seen pictures of the Virgin Mary with light hair, and they thought me something supernatural.

thought me something supernatural.

There are several tribes of Apaches, but we lived among the Royal Apaches, or Chiriahaus, who are real noblemen. I have just been able to present the Bureau of Ethnology with the rarest bit of Apache history ever brought to light. It is a tradition of the birth of the Apache race told from one chief to another. The last chief gave it, when dying, to the white chief to present to the dying warrior's sons in the future, at the time too small to understand its meaning. That is another reason that I came to Washington.

Ington.

Previous to my life among the Apaches, I had lived for fourteen years in Mexico and Arizona, exploring and collecting Old Mission History. I was for five years and a half with the Apaches and, of course, lived as they did, in wigwams, but had been among civilized people again some time before I determined to start for Klondike in the mad rush for gold. I consider that I owe my life during my after experiences to the fact that in the first place I am possessed of an unusually rugged constitution, and, in the second, after the death of my son, I did not care whether I lived or died. Had I wished ardently for success and gold I would doubtless never have achieved either.

"During my stay in Arizona I became interested in mining in that region and secured property there, superintending the work myself. In this way I was better equipped for work in the Klondike than some others.

"I stated for the Klondike the last of ington. LIVED IN WIGWAMS.

than some others.
"I started for the Klondike the last of December, "7, armed with a commission from the Bureau of Ethnology and commission to invest from people in the States. I reached Skagway after an eventful journey, being in a wreck on Puget Sound. When I arrived, the place was suffering from an epidemic of spinal meningitis, and nurses were a rarity. The hospital was crowded to the doors and everybody was afraid of their lives. Instead of going on my journey, I at once offered my services at the hospital and was put in the "pest" house or "last stage" place to nurse. My patients all got well, and afterwards I had the pleasure of traveling behind one who had been pronounced incurable. mission to invest from people in the

nounced incurable.

DEATH STRUGGLE FOR GOLD,
"Miles Canon was reached just the
night before the ice broke. I stayed there three weeks, and during that time saw things that I had never dreamed of in all my life. In their mad desire to get to the gold-fields first, people of all na-tionalities in all kinds of crafts would be upset and drowned; seven or eight a day. Such cursing and quarreling with each other I never saw, right in the midst of those dangerous waters. To those watching from the shore the scenes pre-sented were comedies within tragedies. I can never forget it. Nearly every one had to make his own boat; and such boats! Imagine a bank clerk being told to hew down trees and fashion a boat How they ever did it I do not know. My boat was a caribou hide cance, bought for \$60 from the Indians, but such canoes were scarce, and too, often human beings risked their lives in a craft which could not even keep out the water at the start. In this way many lives were lost. Men would suddenly enter into some heated argument, and then they would fight in a leaky boat in dangerous rapids. Often such discussions ended in the whole boat-load of people being upset and drowned.

"My bont was the fifth through, and after passing the Five Fingers rocks, where steamers are wrecked every summer, and Rink Kapids, also very dan gerous, my Swede oarsman and I lande at Dawson. Out of a \$3,000 outfit with which I started, I had only \$30, a buck-skin ulster and my cance. The rest of my outfit had been stolen by a former

"However, I was not discouraged, and soon found I had no reason to be so, for everyone was very kind to me. Governor gave me permission to build on a piece of Government ground, and men whom I had never seen before haul-ed logs for my cabin, and then the neighbors united in giving me a "log raising." the first and only event of the kind in My cubin was half finished by Dawson. these kind-hearted men in one day. Two women and myself provided the dinners. In six days more every chink was stopped up, and I took up my residence there. I have another cabin now, and needless to say, it is the derrest place on earth to me. I long to get back to it. Of course, the climate has its disadvantages. For instance, imagine the theremometer at eighty degrees below zero. I have experienced such cold when the mercury was lost. At other times I have been compelled to go out in a doe sled to investigate some property with the mer-cury at fifty-one below. The cold is fearful, but one becomes somewhat ac-customed to it. It is not agreeable, how-ever, when one's ears freeze and are cut off, or one's eye or nose. Think of it. on, or one's eye or nose. Think of it. I received a letter only yesterday from a man in Dawson who has always laughed at the danger of freezing, and, he says he will be obliged to have the tips of his ears cut off.

' How would you like to puy \$1 a pound for potatoes; \$1.75 per pound for onions; \$1 per pound for stewing meat, 50 cents a load for bread, and \$1 for a pie? That's what Dawsonites pay in the winter when navigation is stopped. TITLES DON'T COUNT.

"Dawson is Dawson, however. It has a charm that no other place can possess. There nature bursts forth unrestrained, and no one dares subdue it. With each year- we become a little more civilized. Perhaps in a few years we shall be like other people. At present there are all classes of people there, from English lords and barons and American colonels and majors, on down. The first thing the American man does, when he comes to Dawson and realizes that he is noto Dawson and realizes that he is no-body, is to assume a title, usually mili-tary. There are few judges, but they are not in it with the militia. There was one lone lieutenant there, but per-haps on account of the inferiority of his rank he did not seem to get along. In fact, he may intend daht and had to leave.

fact, he got into debt and had to leave.
"The English noblemen haul wood and carry writer just the same as other pe ple. Oh! you can't stand on titles and ceremony in Dawson. A wood-chopper is as good as a lord.

"Yes, we have churches, theatres and hospitals, just like other people. Our newspapers are very witty, and we de-

newspapers are very witty, and we derive much pleasure from them.

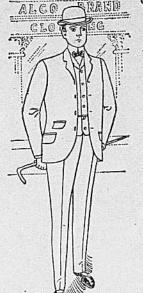
"Our theatres are not like those here, but they will do. We have benches for seats and sawdust for carpets, and the boxes are real boxes with cheap, dirty lace curtains, and the men spit tobacco all over the floor. But the actors and actresses are from San Francisco, and we enjoy the performance. We used to 50 to the theatre in heavy furs and rubber boots, but last year some women started to the theatre in heavy lots and tasted boots, but last year some women started the silk and satin period. I should say, pneumonia fad, for that is what such foolishness ends in, and I suppose this winter somebody will appear decollete. DIVORCES UNKNOWN.

"Divorces are unknown in our town. If a man gets tired of his wife, he kills her and that's all there is to it. Every one live pretty much as he pleases, and ar-ranges and disarranges his domestic affairs to suit himself. It is no one's affair but his own if he chooses to walk off with some other man's wife, provided

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A sale that affords a peerless opportunity to save money-If surpassing values count for anything, if seasonable merchandise at low price is desired, then this advertisement of the greatest values ever offered should crowd every corner of ALCO TRAID our store with shrewd buyers.



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Desirable dark patterns, in excellent wearing cassimeres and cheviots, with double-breasted coats, sizes 9 to 16 years. Our \$3.50 Suits reduced

Boys' Knee Pants Suits

of fancy Cheviots and heavy blue and black Serges; some silk faced and some with double-breasted

dry building at the Loth Stove Works is progressing finely. As stated some time ago, this will double the capacity and output of the stove works by spring, when their weekly pay-roll will be between \$1.500 and \$2,000. How is that for one single industry? But we are soon to have anindustry? But we are soon to have an-other. Col. Bockee, of New York, is fast arranging to occupy several of the large boom factories now vucant in Basic, and by spring there will be from fifty to sevenby spring there will be from fixty to seven-ty-five young girls industriously at work earning an honest and respectable living at the woolen or blanket mills of Basic. And this is not all! Basic is to have the shops from Shenandoah. At least, such is the rumor, and recent events seem to confirm it. What, then, will be the pos-

to confirm it. What, then, will be the possibilities of our twin cities when we get the railroad shops? Well, we could not grow much faster than we are growing. There will be buildings galore to go up here in the spring.

CHRISTIANSBURG'S LIGHT.

New Electric Plant Now in Full Opera tion-The County Court.

(Special Dispatch to The Times.) CHRISTIANSBURG, VA., Jan. 26.-The long looked and hoped for electric lights have at last made their appearance upon our streets, in the stores and other business houses, and in most of the residences in the town, and a great improvement they are over the smoky and offensive kerosene lamps now relegated to the past unwept and unsung. The plant was kerosene lamps now relegated to the past unwept and unsung. The plant was started up a few nights ago, and has worked remarkably well from the start. The streets are lit up by the arc lights, while the business houses and residences are lighted by the incandescent lamps. The local lodge of Masons gave an ele-The local lodge of Masons gave an elegant oyster supper here Tuesday night. All the married members brought their wives and daughters, while the single ones brought their best girls. There were over one hundred plates.

The January term of the County Court begins on the 28th and there are guite

The January term of the County Court begins on the 29th, and there are quite a number of cases for indictment, and it is likely that it will continue all the week. The case of Homer Massey is set for the first day, and will probably consume about two days in the trial. Massey was indicted for horse stealing at the September term, but was not arrested until recently, when he was apprehended in Franklin county and brought here and lodged in jail. He was working for a farmr near Blacksburg last summer, and went to an old colored man to hire his horse to ride to Floyd county to see his mother, saying he would return the third went to an old colored man to hire his horse to ride to Floyd county to see his mother, saying he would return the third day: but after waiting in vain for two weeks, the owner of the horse paid the constable eight dollars to find his horse, which he did after several days' search. Massey had tried to sell it to several parties, and had cut off its tail and mane, turned it out in an old field and fied to North Carolina when the officer was pressing him.

pressing him.

Not in many years have the farmers been so favored with such an open winter, and while they have not put up their ice, yet they have not had to do much feeding, and have made great progress with their plowing for the spring planting, a very unusual thing for this time of the year. The roads were never known to be in a better condition for January, they help really better than in the sumpressing him.

of the year. The roads were never known to be in a better condition for January, they being really better than in the summer, for while they are just as solid they are without the dust of that season.

One of the guards came here to-day and took away a colored man by the name of John Gray, who was adjudged a lunatic by the commission held in his case about two weeks ago, and ordered to be sent to the colored asylum at Petersburg. Gray had not been out of the jail an hour before the constable brought a colored woman named Louisa Hawkins in, charged with lunacy. She went to the house of Mrs. Whitehead, near the depot, and demanded admittance, saying she had purchased it and was going to move in at once, and when she was refused, threatened to break in with an axe. Mrs. Whitehead lives in Norfolk, but spends the summer in her house here, which she left in the care of Mr. Fleming Gardner, left in the care of Mr. Fleming Gardner, of this town.

The intermediate examinations are going on at the Virginia Polytechnic In-

stitute, at Blacksburg.

A Benefit for Post A.

fairs to suit himself. It is no one's affair but his own if he chooses to walk off with some other man's wife, provided he makes it satisfactory to the other man.

"In a few days I shall start on my long journey over the ice. My dog team will meet me, and then I shall feel that I am really going home. There's no place like home."

Big Things Expected.

A Waynesboro correspondent of the Staunton News says:

The foundation for the mammoth fountiage of the mamment of the mamment of the standard of the mamment of the staunton News says:

The Bijou Theatre Company has tendered to Post A, Travelers Protective Association, a benefit performance at their cosy little theatre, the Bijou. The date set for the benefit is Thursday night, February 7th, and Resident Manager McKee says the bill for the occasion is one of the strongest ever presented in the poular play-house. Only the regular prices will be asked, and the entire gross receipts over actual local expenses will be given to Post A.

This is an exceedingly generous act on the part of the management of the Bijou, and there will no doubt be a premium on standing room on this occasion. Tickets The Bijou Theatre Company has ten

Who Will Be Our Next Governor? Is the question of



the hour. We do not know, but bet he'll use Hamilton's Superlative

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ises. Lowest charges and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. The S. GALESKI OPTICAL CO., "Everything Optical and Photographic," CORNER NINTH AND MAIN STREETS.

may be procured now from headquarters, Third and Main Streets.

Mrs. Davenport III. Mrs. J. J. Davenport, of No. 2006 East Leigh Street, continues very sick with the grip. Her little grandson, Milton

Engard, is also quite sick. Election of Officers.

At the annual meeting of the old West-End Building Fund Association, No. 2 (second oldest in the city), the following officers were eleced for the ensuing 12 months: Frank Miller, president; Daniel Murphy, secretary and treasurer; Joseph A. Fischer, James Johnston and Joseph F. Orschel, trustees; W. A. Pennell, J. Antique Furniture GENUINE COLONIAL THINGS

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W. Alexander, J. W. Pennell, Emil Enders, Andrew Steinbrecher and John W. Parker, directors; George J. Hooper, at